The Cerrillos Rustler.

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CERRILLOS - - - NEW MEXICO

SWORN FOES.

The dey of Sun-up was of splendid renown,
His name and his fame were world-wide;
He'd treasures untold of bright sparkling gold,
And many possessions beside.
His armies were quartered all over the earth,
Through Africa, China, Japan,
On land and on sea 'twas admitted that he
Was a very remarkable man.

And yet in despite of the honors and praise
This wonderful monarch had won,
There was gall in the cup of the dey of Sun-up!
For there's nothing new under the sun.
And this was his grievance; the cause of his woe;
That made such a martyr of him:
His kingdom so fair, fate compelled him to share
Alas! with the knight of Dul-dim.

Now, the dey of Sun-up was a jolly old soul,
And fond of warm corners and such.
And cold, icy looks, and snow-covered nooks,
Would all melt away at his touch.
And he said to himself, with a terrible glare,
And a flash of his saber, so bright:
"If I get on his track I'll soon drive him back,
So look to your laurels, Sir Knight!"

The knight of Dul-dim was as jealous, forsooth,
And his armies in somber array
He would gather about him and boldly set out
To make an attack on the dey.
And he said to himself, with a terrible frown—
His face was a sight to see:
"When I enter the field I will force him to yield,
And surrender his sword to me!"

So daily the conflict goes on between
These two, so fierce to begin;
And strange to relate, it is fixed by fate
That each shall a victory win.
For as soon as the evening hours come on
The knight has a chance to reign;
Till the veil is withdrawn that hides the dawn
And the dey's on the throne again.
—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Independent.

AN AMBER SCARF PIN.

It Brought About a Cruel Separation of two Lovers.

ABOUT half a year ago I left England for France in a singularly happy mood. I had just become engaged to a charming girl, and the object of my visit to Paris was to purchase, as presents to my bride, a quantity of those articles so delightful to the fair sex which Paris alone produces.

We had an excellent crossing, and, after a hasty supper at Calais, I had got into a first-class carriage in the express to Paris.

At Amiens a French gentleman entered the train and seated himself directly opposite me. He was in a talkative humor, and it was not long before we were engaged in conversation. Five minutes later he had introduced himself to me as the Marquis de Kergaradec, and it was not long before I was fully acquainted with his opinions on the general variety of Parisian topics.

When we had spoken together for a little, I noticed that he was staring at me in a manner that was almost offensive. His eyes were fixed on my collar.

While I was wondering whether anything in my linen was exciting the curiosity and interest of this carefully-attired old gentleman, he bent forward and said, in a quiet and altered tone of voice:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what a curious scarf pin that is that you are wearing. Would you mind showing it to me?"

I willingly complied with his request,

HE EXAMINED IT CAREFULLY.

took the pin out of my tie, and handed it to him.

He examined it carefully, turning it round and round. At last he handed it back to me with a curt:

"Thank you."

"It is a curious pin, is it not?" I said, mystified by his change of manner.

But he made no answer.

Finding it impossible to get a word out of him, I shrugged my shoulders and settled down to my thoughts.

When we reached Paris I jumped into a cab and drove at once to the Grand hotel. As I was leaving the bureau of the hotel, where I had registered, to go to the room assigned to me, I met the old gentleman again. He stared hard at me as I passed, first at my face and then at my pin.

But I had no inclination to trouble my head as to the reasons of his eccentricity, and dismissed him once more from my mind.

At ten o'clock I rose, dressed, and after breakfast started out for the boulevards to visit the shops I had determined to patronize. As I passed under the porch of the hotel a man laid his hand on my shoulder, and thrust a paper under my eyes.

"It is a warrant of arrest. I am ordered to secure your person."

"I am perfectly ignorant of your laws," I said. "What am I to do?"

"To follow me."

The agent conducted me to a neighboring police station, showed the superintendent his warrant, had me searched and my pockets emptied and locked me up in a cell. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I was fetched by two gardes de Paris to undergo my preliminary examination.

The magistrate charged with the instruction of my "affair" asked my name, age and profession and received my answers with credulous indifference. He then opened a drawer in the table at which he was sitting, took out an object and laying it before me said:

"Do you recognize this jewel?"

"Certainly," I answered; "it is my scarf pin."

"Can you tell me when and how this pin came into your possession?"

"It's a curious fact," I added, smiling at the judge, "but true, I have no idea where that pin comes from. A few days ago in turning over the contents of an old portmanteau I found this pin. I did not care very much for its style and can only account for it being in my possession at all by the fact that I dressed in a very great hurry on the evening that I left London."

"Perhaps you know when and how you came into possession of this book?" said the magistrate, producing a volume and laying it before me.

It was an old copy of the "Memoirs of Abbe de Croisy," which I had brought over from Paris with me and had left in my valise at the hotel.

"Yes," I said, "I picked it up on a bookstall on the Quai des Grande-Augustine about seven years ago. It—"

"About seven years ago," said the magistrate, slowly, as if to give his scrivener time to get my answer written down. "Where were you living in Paris seven years ago?"

"I don't remember. It was some hotel in the Latin quarter."

"What were you doing?"

"I was trying my hand at literary work."

The magistrate here rose and touched a bell. To the usher who answered his summons, he gave the order to introduce Marquis de Kergaradec.

It was the old gentleman who had been my traveling companion that morning.

"Monsieur de Marquis," said the magistrate, "do you recognize this pin?"

"I do. It is the one which belonged to my late brother, Comte de Kergaradec. He brought this stone from China and had it mounted in the Rue la Paix. I recognized it all the more readily inasmuch as the setting, which is by no means a common one, was executed from a design I gave him."

"And this book?"

"As certainly. That book belonged to the count. On the fly-leaf is a dedication from the abbe to Mme. de Poranouc, our ancestor in the time of Louis XV. Besides, the Kergaradec arms are on the cover."

"Quite satisfactory. These two articles were among the contents of the valise stolen from the count, your brother, at the hotel in Senlis on the night he was murdered?"

"They were."

"Well, then, all that I have to ask of you now is to sign the paper on which my clerk has written my questions and your answers."

The marquis signed and departed, with a bow to the judge and a withering glance at me.

"What's all this nonsense?" I said, when the door had closed on the old gentleman.

"I am here to question," said the magistrate, "not you."

"You might at least tell me of what I am accused."

"Of the willful murder of Count Louis de Kergaradec in the hotel of the Running Stag at Senlis, on the night of September 12, 1881, and of the robbery of his valise, which contained, among other valuables, the two articles found in your possession."

I burst out laughing.

"Nothing else?" I said.

"Not that I know of," said the magistrate. "I must ask you to sign this paper after reading it. It is our conversation just now."

I signed, and as I was leaving the room the magistrate added in a most paternal tone:

"Yes, just try and remember how that amber pin came into your possession. It will really be worth your while to account for it."

That evening I was transferred from the depot to Mazas jail. The first question the magistrate asked me on the following morning was:

"What were you doing at Senlis on the night of September 12, 1881?"

"I don't recollect having been there at all in that year."

"Very good. It is well to be frank. As a matter of fact, you stayed there on the twelfth, as we have learned by examining the hotel woman's register for that year. You left the hotel on the morning of the thirteenth, and afterwards disappeared. Where did you go?"

"I stayed in Paris a week and then went to London, where I have since lived."

"Well, how about that pin? Have you remembered how you got it?"

"I have been cudgelling my brain all night on the subject, but I cannot remember."

"It is unfortunate," he said. "In fact, a number of unfortunate circumstances are against you. By the way, what has become of Pierre Bastide?" he asked, abruptly.

"Pierre Bastide? I never heard that name before."

"Yes, Bastide. The man who was in the hotel the same night that you were, and who is suspected to be your accomplice."

"Do you really think, Monsieur le Judge," I said, "that if I had murdered this count to rob him I would carry about on my person in prominence evidence against myself? I know nothing about this murder. I never heard of it."

"Your statement will be tested. Meanwhile let me put before you the position in which you stand. I must warn you that it is a very serious one. On the 10th of September, 1881, Count Louis de Kergaradec, an eccentric old gentleman, arrived at the Running Stag hotel. His valise, besides a change of linen, contained a quantity of bank notes and a few of the antiquarian treasures of the count. He was a great collector of curios of all sorts.

"On the 11th a man passing by the name of Pierre Bastide, and describing himself as a cafe waiter, came to the hotel and took the room at the top of the house. On the 12th you came, and after inspecting several rooms insisted on having the one adjoining the one in the occupation of the count. You refused supper and went to bed at a remarkably early hour.

"The next day you left the hotel hurriedly at five in the morning, while it was yet dark. At eight o'clock Bastide came down to breakfast, ate quietly, paid his bill and went away with his knapsack on his back. At eleven o'clock the woman of the house went to wake the count, but was unable to do so. The woman, seriously alarmed, had the door broken open, and found the old gentleman dead in his bed, with his right temple fractured. All the valuables contained in his valise had disappeared. Suspicion immediately attached itself to Bastide and to you. You were both searched for by the police, but in vain, when by the merest hazard the other morning the brother of the victim recognized the count's pin in your cravat. You will admit that there is at least reasonable ground for suspicion. By the way, how did you get the money to pay your bill at the hotel and get your ticket to London?"

"I pawned a gold watch which had belonged to my father. The pawnbroker lent me one hundred and sixty francs on it. My bill at the hotel was eighty francs, and my ticket cost about thirty-five."

"At what date did you pawn this watch?"

"It was about a week after I left Senlis. On the twentieth or twenty-first of September."

I was not brought up before the magistrate again until after several days. In the meanwhile mischief had been at work. The English and American newspaper correspondents had got hold of the story of my arrest, and of the odious crime of which I had been accused. The most sensational reports had been printed, and, as I afterward learned, my portrait had been given by several journals in London and New York. Some imaginative "specials" went so far as to state that I had confessed and attempted suicide.

On my third visit the magistrate received me with greater courtesy than before. He said:

"I have examined your statement and find you have spoken the truth. The official record of the pawnbroker makes mention of you having pawned your watch. The hotelkeeper remembers you; and, finally one of my agents has succeeded in discovering the bookseller who sold you the 'Memoirs of Abbe de Croisy.' The only circumstance now against you is that of the possession of the pin."

"And that, I an sorry to say, I cannot explain to you."

"On the other hand," continued the magistrate, benevolently, "our inquiries in London have produced satisfactory results, as far as your character is concerned. If only you could explain that one obscure point I could proclaim you innocent."

The same evening, after various formalities, I was set free. I returned forthwith to London, and went straight to the house where my *fiancee* lived. I was received by her father, who said under the circumstances he could not think of letting me marry his daughter until I had completely vindicated my character. I turned on my heel indignant at this injustice, and wrote to Clare; but the young lady left my letters unanswered, and when I called to see her, during the absence of her father in the city, she refused to see me.

It was only three days ago that some solution of the mystery of the amber pin presented itself to my mind.

I was in Berlin, and was walking down the Behr entrasse, when I passed a man whose face I seemed to remember, without being able at all to recall when and where I had seen it for the first time. Suddenly, and I should be puzzled to say by what inspiration, I turned round and called out:

"Hi, Pierre, Pierre Bastide!"

The man stopped as if struck from behind, and looked around at me; his face was very pale, and he was trembling in every part of his body. After a second's hesitation he started off running like a madman, as if his object was to put as great distance as possible between us two.

He was not, however, destined to run far, for in dashing across the Friedrichstrasse, his haste was so blind that he did not notice the close approach of a heavy omnibus. From where I stood I heard a cry, and then the man went down under the horses' feet, and the great wheels rolled over his body.

The next morning I read in the Tageblatt that the person who had been run over in the Friedrichstrasse was a Frenchman who had been a resident in Berlin for seven years, where he had acted as valet in several houses, passing under the name of Michael Doriat. Immediately after this accident he had been carried to the hospital, where he had died in the evening. Before dying he had been able to state that his real name was Pierre Bastide, adding that

THE VALET RETURNED WITH A BLACK TIE.

he wished to make confession of some crime to the proper authorities. Before these, however, could attend the man died. Among other houses where this valet had served was mentioned that of a certain Dr. H——, where he had stayed three years.

"Dr. H——!" I cried, jumping to my feet; "but I know that house. I dined there five years ago, when I was over in Berlin, as correspondent to the ——. Let me think. Ah! I have it now."

My memory recalled in a wonderfully vivid manner the event which happened five years before. I saw the whole mystery in a flash.

I had brought an introduction to Dr. H —— from a mutual friend in London, and, not having been able to see him on the day I called, left it with my card.

The next morning I received a telegram from the hospitable doctor, inviting me to lunch at his house that day. The telegram found me in bed, and it was then only twenty minutes of the hour fixed for the lunch. I jumped out of bed, dressed in haste, and drove off to the doctor's house. As I was giving my hat and coat to the valet in the ante-chamber, I noticed that the man was staring at me in a curious way.

"What are you staring at me like that for?" I cried irritably.

"I beg monsieur's pardon," said the valet, with all the politeness of his countrymen; "but if monsieur will look in the glass."

"Dear, dear," I cried, when I had examined myself, "I was in such a hurry, I have forgotten my cravat. What shall I do? I say, my good fellow," this to the valet, as I handed him a thaler, "you must have plenty of ties to spare; run and get me one out of your room. Anything will do, so long as it looks tidy."

The valet hastened off, and presently came back with a black tie, a ready-made sailor's knot, very stiff and large. I put it on hastily, and giving the man another piece of money, asked him if I might keep it to go home in.

"Oh, certainly," he said, "monsieur has given its value twice over."

Having a repulsion for other people's wearing apparel, I had taken it off as soon as I reached my hotel and flung it into my portmanteau. It was the same portmanteau in which, several years later, I had found the scarf pin which had got me into such trouble.

I imagine that the pin had slipped down between the cardboard framework of the tie and its silk cover, and that Bastide thought it lost when he gave me his black sailor's knot. In flinging it into my trunk the pin must have fallen out, to remain undisturbed until that unlucky day.

Unlucky? Well, yes, inasmuch as what ensued brought about this cruel separation between Clara and myself. Perhaps, though, a girl who could cast off a lover, as I was, on such a suspicion is not worth troubling about.—B. F. Barnes, in Yankee Blade.

—Guest—"See here, waiter, I ordered a young duck and you have brought a tough old hen." Colored waiter—"No, sah, dat war a duck; but de duck egg was incubrated by a hen, sah, and when de duck came out, he done gone assumed de proclivities of a hen, sah."

STOCK ITEMS.

The horses will derive more benefit from their noon rest if care is taken to remove the harness.

To make the breeding of horses profitable, the breeder must know a horse. This implies a good deal.

With cattle and hogs early maturity is an important item, and in a majority of cases some pushing is necessary.

The best plan of training colts is that which commences at the beginning; teach them to be handled from the start.

Nothing so improves and gentles a young colt as farm work, if properly given, and it will aid him to earn his own living.

Kindness and patience will accomplish much more in managing horses than harsh treatment. Punish a horse only when he is vicious.

It is not necessary to give up cattle, sheep or hogs in order to raise good draft horses, but rather keep good brood mares to do the work.

There is no better place to raise good colts than on an American farm, where the mares can work the greater part of the time and also raise good colts.

Many nervous, excitable horses have been seriously injured, if not permanently ruined, by a fractious driver, when something has scared the horses and the driver lost his wits.

An exchange remarks: "Notwithstanding the general disfavor in which sheep were held some years ago, on account of the low prices of wool and the difficulties seemingly surrounding the future of the wool trade in this country, sheep have once more come to be regarded as an essential part of the make-up of the stock of the general farmer."

Oats make one of the very best materials for feed during the summer. They supply the elements for a good growth and development of bone and muscle, and this with the work teams and growing stock is quite an item. The objection to using corn during the summer is that it is both a heating and a fattening food, conditions that in a majority of cases it will be best to avoid if the comfort of the stock is to be considered.

Nothing has proved so satisfactory or so profitable in the last few years as sheep as a source of income. The great lesson has been learned, that while it is highly desirable to maintain the precedence of the wool industry in this country, this, after all, is only one of the attractive features of keeping sheep. It is the producer of mutton as well as wool who holds the flock in highest esteem. The judicious grower of mutton and feeder of sheep almost invariably manages to secure a respectable profit from his business.—Texas Live Stock Journal.

FARM NOTES.

Lack of gravel or gritty material is nearly always the cause of the fowls getting crop-bound.

Ducks should always have dry quarters at night if they are to be kept thrifty and healthy.

By hauling out manure as soon as made, if any leaches out the soil will retain and be benefited by it.

During the summer is the best time to arrange the winter quarters for the poultry and to determine the number that is to be kept.

Ducks should not be fed too much grain. They will thrive better and keep in better health if given plenty of coarse, bulky foods, such as potatoes, turnips, cloves and materials of that kind.

Wait until the fowls are well matured before determining the make-up of the breeding pens. By studying the characteristics of the different fowls intended for breeding, and mating accordingly, better results will be obtained.

While in many cases growing oats for market cannot be considered very profitable, yet if properly managed for feed they are a good crop to raise. It is important, however, in managing them to cut, cure, store and feed out in a way that will secure the best quality of feed and the least waste.

One advantage with clover is that ordinarily the first crop is a profitable one to grow for hay, and if cut at the right stage there will be a second crop that can be pastured, cut for hay, be allowed to mature seed or be plowed under as a green fertilizer. If to mature seed, it should not be pastured. Let it grow until nearly all of the heads have turned brown, then cut.

While the clover straw, after threshing, will not be so valuable for feed as if cut earlier, it is well worth saving for feed and for bedding. The yield averages from three to eight bushels per acre, five or six being considered a good yield. With a fair yield the crop is profitable. It can be threshed with a common machine, but cleaner and better results will be secured by using a clover huller, built especially for the work.

The successful farmer will be an intelligent business man; he will have system and order in his farm management, and he will be as methodical in his farm records as the merchant in his business. He will regard the adage that "time is money." The successful farmer is also progressive; his knowledge of the improvements of the age inspire him to seize upon every means of doing work cheaper and better, thus enabling him to produce at the least possible cost. He allows old ways and methods to pass away, and accepts the modern measures which science has taught us.